



Without art we are animals
With art we are Human

NOW THEN.

HUMANSTUDIO. DOUG STANHOPE. A HAWK AND A HACKSAW.
A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. ISSUE 49. FREE.

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Almost all articles published in this magazine are written by members of the community, not professionals. If you don't like what you read or have something that needs to be said, get in touch. Your opinions make Now Then what it is.

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'Chaos & Theory', collaboration with Paul Evans, 2010. / Cover: 'Without art we are Animals / With art we are Human (Plasmotropolis Revisited)', 2011.

EDITORIAL.

It is a big couple of months for us at Opus. Last month saw the release of our first CD, made up of tracks from past Opus Acoustics performers like Sieben and Woolly Mammoth, and this month the Now Then ale, lovingly crafted at Abbeydale Brewery, will be making its way to all your favourite boozing establishments in Sheffield and beyond.

Now Then is also celebrating, because this is our 4th birthday issue. A large and sincere 'thank you' has to go out to everyone who has been involved with the magazine in any capacity since April 2008 – writers, proof readers, artists, designers, photographers musicians, poets, promoters, and of course independent traders, without whom none of this would have been possible. We never dreamed that this magazine would grow as much as it has in the last four years, and long may it continue.

More and more of you are getting in touch with me to pitch ideas for articles or to comment on the content in Now Then. This is a great thing, and one of the primary reasons the mag was set up. You don't have to be a professional writer to get involved.

Email me on sam@nowthenmagazine.com.

This month we have interviews with American comic Doug Stanhope and folk duo A Hawk and A Hacksaw, who recently performed their re-score of classic Soviet film Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors in Sheffield. We also have an interview with local label Itchy Pig Records, and articles covering council cuts, Portland Works and high speed rail.

Artwork this month comes courtesy of the highly regarded Humanstudio, a creative agency founded in Sheffield by Nick Bax, previously a director of The Designers Republic. A pleasure indeed.

SAM.

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LOCALCHECK.

ANTI-MILITARISM.
HOSTED BY ALT-SHEFF.

Fighting is never the best way to settle an argument. We teach children this, yet we also show them a stream of gun-filled movies, displays of weapons, military recruitment and news which fetishises war and other violence, rather than the peaceful, good news. Although most of us aren’t from ‘military families’, they do exist throughout society.

Could this continued existence of large armed forces be called a social cancer? Some people work to stop war, to ban nuclear weapons or landmines. That’s fair enough, but we can see all this in a wider context; that of a militarised society.

Many countries have only a token army. Others have over-bloated land, air and sea forces. The UK is in the latter category, along with our bullying cousin, the USA. To ask why may be interesting. Of course historical processes led us to this point, but must we continue down the same path? Sending the kids from our working class estates into battle, often to return traumatised, mentally scarred, if not physically damaged – or dead?

Everyone loves a soldier. Those handsome uniforms. The bravery. The discipline. They go away as kids and return as adults. It’s always been like this, but it needs questioning. Why, for example, should military forces wear identical uniforms? The answer is probably to do with team-work, conformity, lack of personal freedom, unquestioning obedience to authority in a way that leaves ex-military personnel without the initiative required for many jobs.

Forces must obey fighting orders without troubling their minds about the facts, the politics, the justification. This needs a special kind of masculinity, of traditionally male attributes; hardness, careful control of feelings, bravery, strength, bullying and acceptance of bullying, teasing as a way of interacting – that so often leads on to racist, misogynist and homophobic taunts. Pick on the weak, admire the strong. The unacceptable nasty side of military life, passed on between generations. Some soldiers rape. Victimised recruits sometimes commit suicide. Facts on the ground, unspoken.

Others have pointed out the ‘military-industrial complex’ which drives defence spending. This is a mesh of arms traders and manufacturers, along with top military men and their political friends, ensuring a handsome wedge of the national income is siphoned into this non-productive money sink. The UK is also heavily invested in top brass. We have far more senior officers per head among the ranks, compared with the USA and others. Historical reasons? Yes of course, we have to be able to throw our weight around, to defend British interests by killing people, to impress the natives and prove that Britannia still rules the waves. And we have to provide lucrative officer careers for the sons of the gentry, honoured with deferential respect and later with impressive titles.

These are the top-of-the-food-chain characters in this particular hierarchy, of course. The lower orders just see army recruitment stalls grooming their kids in high street shops and at summer fairs, eager to recruit, looking for those desperate to get out of a humdrum life. So desperate that enlisting, committing to life in a killing mechanism, seems glamorous. Perhaps the uniform will make them seem smarter than they really feel inside. Perhaps then they will attract the eye of the prettiest girl... Food for thought next time you see army recruitment at a summer fair; it’s the only career that funds regular TV adverts to attract young people.

On the other hand, with no funds at all many in Sheffield are fighting for peace. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) has an active campaigning presence in the city, and newcomers are welcome. They are currently concentrating on the militarisation of university campuses, Trident missiles, and local connections with the US military. Menwith Hill in North Yorkshire, under an informal and secretive lease agreement with the UK government, is an intelligence base collecting and analysing information from satellites, phone-tapping and intercepted internet traffic. Fylingdales is a ballistic missile early warning radar station, part of the US missile defence programme on British soil. RAF Waddington in Lincolnshire is home base for ‘pilots’ controlling Reaper Stealth bombers (drones) by remote control, killing in comfort at computer consoles.

There is more information on these on the Yorkshire CND website. Alt-Sheff also has an Anti-Militarism listing on the Links page.

In a death culture where animals are bred, inseminated, raised and killed in industrial processes, a foreign policy based on death-threats may be rationalised. The ‘regrettable’ killing of innocent bystanders may be accepted as ‘collateral damage’, an unfortunate side-effect of the use of force to ‘defend’ state interests. Like terrorists, or playground bullies, governments must have armies, mustn’t they?

sheffieldcnd.org.uk
yorkshirecnd.org.uk
alt-sheff.org



Without art we are animals
With art we are Human

RAILWAYS.

ALTERNATIVES TO HS2.
BEN ECKERSLEY.

I love travelling on railways. I enjoy chatting to strangers, having occasional naps, and most of all, watching the view. Anyone else who's travelled north of Berwick where the train is ten metres from the beach or trundled around mountains on the open moorland of Caithness will know exactly what I'm talking about.

Nonetheless, I often feel like there has never been a worse time to be a train traveller in the UK. We already knew we had the most expensive fares in Europe, yet 2012 began with a rise of up to 11% on some tickets. Despite these high prices, a recent report from Just Economics found that the UK railways were also the worst rated in Europe for comfort, speed and efficiency. On a recent journey to Suffolk, my train ticket cost £30 more than I'd have spent on petrol if I'd driven, I had to change three times, and missed connections meant I was two and a half hours late getting back. With overcrowded roads, carbon targets to meet, and ever more people travelling, it's essential to get people out of their cars and onto public transport, but with a situation like we have, where's the incentive?

The answer to all of these concerns (of course) is to build a brand new railway. Make it cool, and shiny and really, really fast, give it a flashy name like HS2, and everyone will be riding it. Except that it will have cost so much to build – around £32 billion – that it will take an extra lifetime to pay for. I can't imagine how much the tickets will cost. And it won't be reaching Sheffield until 2033. A child born today could finish university by the time it's built. It also takes a lot of energy to move a train at 250mph. Published studies suggest that a high-speed rail journey may actually release more carbon than an equivalent flight. Add noise pollution and the destruction of countryside into the mix and this plan begins to look very poor indeed.

Here's the clincher, though. How often do you travel to London? Sheffield is not a commuter town. If we needed to be in the capital all the time we'd move there. When I do travel to London, I'm always amazed by how quick the journey already is – currently 2 hours and 7 minutes. Compare that to a journey to Manchester, a place I need to get to regularly. The best you'll manage is 51 minutes. London (as the crow flies) is 141 miles away; Manchester is 32. London is easy to get to already, but slow diesel trains that can't even manage an average speed of 40mph connect two of the largest cities in the country.

With this on my mind, I was very interested to hear what some local campaigners had to say. There are many projects dedicated to re-opening lines that could make a massive difference to people living in Northern cities at a fraction of the cost of HS2. The Woodhead line, which once provided the main route between Sheffield and Manchester, could be re-opened for as little as £150-350 million – not much for a railway! – and would reduce journey times between the two cities to a far more reasonable 35 minutes. What's more, it would be more suitable for freight than the existing lines and could take many lorries off the road. Currently, 60% of traffic over the Woodhead pass is HGVs. This approach could also open up the Dark Peak area of the national park to visitors who are unable or unwilling to travel by car. But currently, campaigners are fighting to keep the future viability of the line alive, because the Woodhead tunnel on which the route is dependent is under significant threat from other uses.

Even closer to home, the Don Valley Railway group are campaigning to reopen the line that once ran between Stocksbridge and Sheffield Victoria station. Stocksbridge and its neighbour Deepcar are bustling communities on the edge of Sheffield with a combined population of over 30,000, yet are left cut off from the city by terrible transport links. Currently, it takes 42 minutes by bus to get to the city centre. The DVR plan is to open a half-hourly rail route that would take a mere 11 minutes to connect these communities to the city on affordable and environmentally friendly trains. Recent feasibility studies show that this could be delivered for a tiny £4.3 million using pre-existing track. Sheffield to London in 75 minutes would be fun, and occasionally quite handy. Stocksbridge to Sheffield in 11 minutes would change thousands of people's lives every day for a fraction of the price. I know which one I would prefer.

savethewoodheadtunnel.blogspot.com
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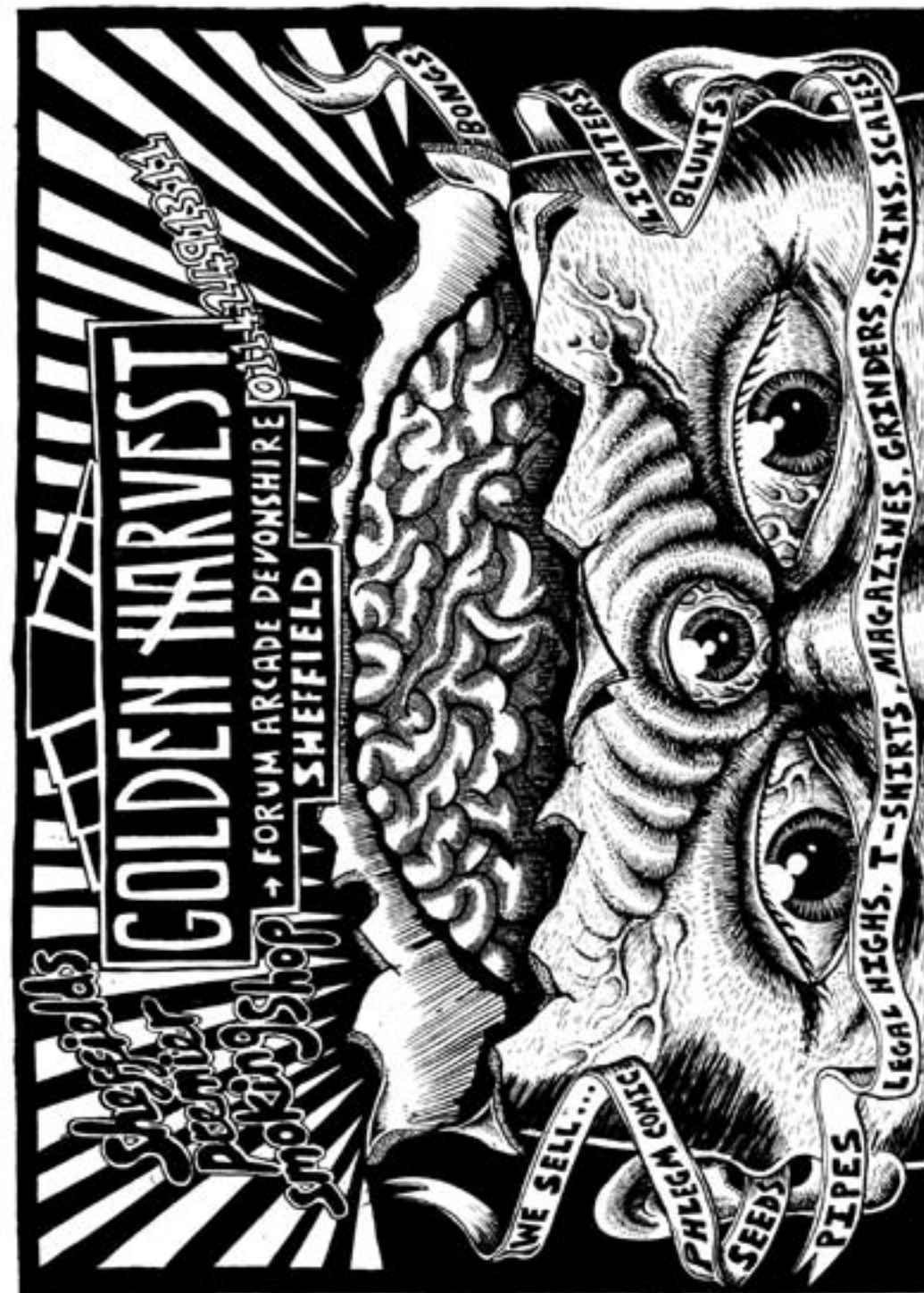
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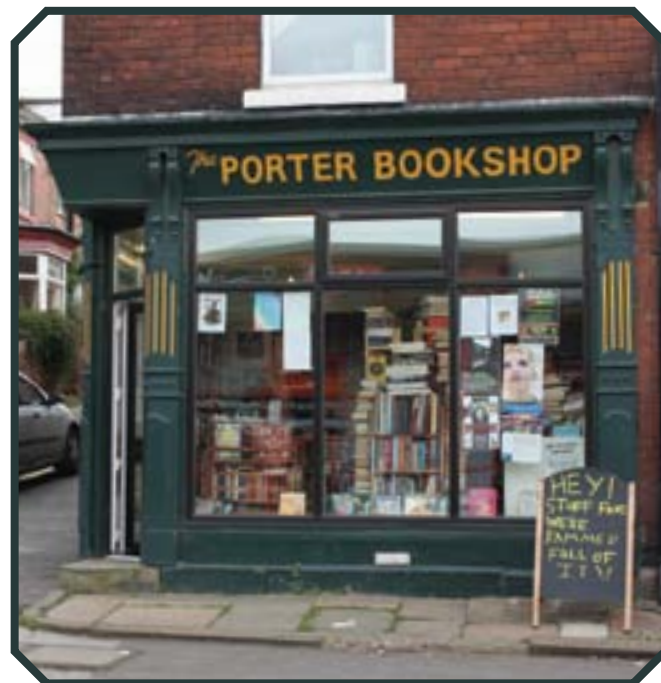
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COUNCIL CUTS.

WHO'S TO BLAME?
JAY BAKER & JANE WATKINSON.

As we approach the local elections, things are not as they may seem. Local issues are being shaped perhaps more than ever before by wider national and even international contexts in the wake of a worldwide financial crisis that saw the banks on the brink of collapse, threatening to take our own money down with them until the bailout that has since cost the country £1.5 trillion.

You've got to give it to David Cameron, though: the former public relations whizzkid became Prime Minister and, aided by much of the corporate press, set about shortening memory spans and re-writing the causes of the national debt to suit the agenda of his Party.

As recently as 2008, the Tories vowed to match Labour's levels of government spending, but in the aftermath of the crisis seized the moment as an excuse to slap a price tag on what was left of the state since Margaret Thatcher's big sell-out of the 1980s that saw British Gas, British Telecom, British Airways and British Rail all up for sale to private companies, skimming off profits from these newly-privatised services.

But this cut in state spending said to be due to the deficit didn't just allow the Tories to act out their small-state, pro-privatisation ideology. While the spin says they're doing it because they're concerned about national debt – which isn't, in fact, even as high as it was in the post-war years that saw the creation of a welfare state and national health service – they also manage to pass the buck down to local government.

In towns all across the country, councils are being forced to spend less. But northern areas are losing £150 to £200 a head this year, while in the south-east, West Country, and some of the Midlands, the cuts range from between £0 and £50. Northern urban areas with more poverty and higher unemployment are losing 9% of their spending power, while more affluent towns such as Wokingham are losing less than 1%.

And so, in many disadvantaged parts of Britain, much of which don't happen to vote Tory, these subsequently leaner services are seen as the fault of the councils themselves. Conveniently, statistics now show that Labour local authorities are under greater pressure to shed 50% more jobs than Tory areas. In Sheffield – with 61p in every council purse pound coming from central government – the effects are devastating. Last year, the city council had £50 million less than in 2010.

Given this, what options do councils have to offset their significantly decreased budgets while ensuring the maintenance of key services and protection of vulnerable groups?

While the Green Party recognised at their conference last year the need to set 'balanced budgets', several members recently left the party seemingly as a result of the Green councillors in the only Green-run council – Brighton – passing their budget despite the Labour and Tory opposition removing the Greens' proposed council tax rise. However, the reasons for members leaving are rooted more in the fact Green councillors hadn't tried to set an illegal budget.

Illegal budgets have the tendency to detract from the reality of the political situation, as the central government imposes drastic austerity measures, but cleverly passes hard decisions to local councils who have limited ability to raise revenue to offset such prolific cuts. However, the rate-capping rebellion of 1985 – where several councils attempted to set illegal budgets – largely failed.

Legally, central government will likely take over the running of a council if that council is unable or unwilling to set a legal budget, most likely setting a precedent as a warning to other councils. Essentially, illegal budgets aren't practical, given the nature and constraints of the current political system.

So how do councils set a legal, fair budget? One method is for councils to utilise their reserves. But, as outlined, there is a postcode lottery of local government cuts, with Secretary of State for Communities and Local Government Eric Pickles' own research even recognising that wealthier councils are more likely to have access to their reserves. For instance, if Birmingham were to spend all it can from its reserves, it would still only cover a third of its £33 million budget cuts for 2011-2012.

Nevertheless, this hasn't stopped Pickles attacking councils for not using their reserves, despite the fact that most of these cannot be spent on plugging the gap between spending and cuts. Nor would such an option be sustainable, given the fact that these reserves would eventually run out.

Another potential method for councils to raise revenue is to increase council tax. More than 25 councils have rejected the government's £675 million fund set aside to cover another council tax freeze due the risk of this causing greater debt for councils in the long-term.

For example, Brighton rejected this fund, arguing that a council tax freeze would still leave them £5.4 million worse off, while an increase would only cost the average household 57p more per week.

The problem with council tax is that it hits the poorest the hardest. A household earning £15,000 a year pays the same rates as their neighbour, who lives on the same street but earns £30,000.

The Liberal Democrats under Charles Kennedy championed the cause for an income-based council tax, so those who couldn't afford to pay so much wouldn't have to. But, of course, this policy that the LibDems had kept through at least three general elections was dumped with the rise to power of Nick Clegg, MP for Sheffield Hallam.

In the May elections, the concept of localism is being undermined, given the limited options that councils have when they are dealing with budget cuts imposed upon them by central government. While we should always hold councils to account, it's probably more important than ever to consider this broader context when casting our votes and to raise awareness about the concentrated powers in Westminster, and the effects this has at a local level.

Jay Baker and Jane Watkinson are directors of the Sheffield-based social enterprise, **SilenceBreakers**, who collect used computers and recondition them for use in disadvantaged communities, giving a voice to the voiceless.



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DOUG STANHOPE.

BEFORE TURNING THE GUN ON HIMSELF.
INTERVIEW BY SAM WALBY.

To call Doug Stanhope an uncompromising comic would be a preposterous understatement. Very little, if anything, is considered off-limits for him. Probably most famous in the UK for appearing on Charlie Brooker’s Newswipe, Stanhope has actually been a stand up for over 20 years, and recently released his new DVD and CD, recorded in Salt Lake City and entitled **Before Turning The Gun On Himself**.

Alternatively labelled anarchist, libertarian or nihilist depending on the mood of the journalist in question, Stanhope has a caustic sense of humour and a dirty laugh, two things that came to the fore within seconds of him speaking to me ahead of his show in Chesterfield last month. As you can no doubt tell, he was a pleasure to interview, and left me with the impression that he is an average guy who happens to be very skilled at making people laugh at things they shouldn’t.

How are you doing?

I’m a wreck. I just got off a plane and I was shuttled to a hotel, and now they’re putting phones in my face.

So where are you at the moment?

We’re in Manchester as far as I know, but they could be lying to me. I don’t trust these people. The tour kicks off tomorrow. We might have to have those people killed if it doesn’t go well. The first one is always a rough one, but we have Zyklon B in the back room just in case.

I noticed your online poll about the worst place on your UK tour. Liverpool is winning so far, which I think is a bit unfair. Have you played there before?

I’ve played Liverpool twice. The first time was the only time in my career that I vomited on stage. I had ordered tequila but they didn’t have any, so they gave me whiskey without telling me. All young comics should know that if you’re going to vomit on stage, make sure it’s your closing bit, because it’s tough to follow.

The second time I played Liverpool there were just a bunch of assholes and I was at the end of my rope. I could’ve quit comedy at that point. It was in some... I wouldn’t even call it a theatre, some oratorium from 1292 BC. I think Caesar spoke there once.

I think my vote would have to go to Stoke on Trent. Not exactly a cultural hotspot.

Most of the places on the tour I’ve never heard of. Liverpool, at least it’s the devil you know. Whereas Stoke-on-Trent, Dorkshire... My manager is from here and he hasn’t heard of most of these places. You remember that bit from Pink Floyd’s The Wall, where they jack him up on vitamin B12 or whatever they shoot into him, and pour his melting corpse onto the stage? I predict a lot of that on this tour.

I’m going to see you at your Chesterfield gig.

[Off the phone to his manager] Oh Chesterfield is on the tour! Why didn’t you tell me?! [whoops and screaming in the background] That puts a whole new gleam on things(!)

It’s a big gig, definitely. We’re based in Sheffield, which is nearby. I’m sort of surprised you’re not stopping here.

Oh Sheffield, I’ve heard of that one! Ever since I’ve been coming over here [to the UK], wherever I play people go, “Well if you’re playing there why don’t you play here?” I can’t be more than 20 minutes away from you! If I was playing in their living room they’d say, [mock English accent] “Why don’t you play in the barth? What’s wrong with the dining room?”

How do you find British audiences in comparison to other countries?

The difference is that in America sometimes I get paranoid. I start thinking my new material isn’t ready yet, but then I think, “Hey, they’re your audience – they want you to do well.” I don’t feel that way over here. Over here I feel like there are probably a lot of cynical, snikey cunts who want me to fail, and that’s the reason they spent 20 pounds or quids or whatever they’re called. They want you to suck. I feel like the people that see me over here are as big assholes as I am. And that scares me, because I know what a miserable, cunt human being I am, and the audience that comes to see me is as miserable and not necessarily on my side.

I suppose that comes down to the politeness of British audiences. I imagine you don’t get heckled as much over here, so it might be harder to gauge a reaction from the audience.

That’s true, but if you do get heckled over here they’re fucking quoting dissertations from Plato with some spastic language you don’t understand. They’re smarter than you, you don’t get it and you look like a douche.

Do you write much material specifically for British audiences then?

I have to write material that they’ll understand. In the United States I can assume anything I say will be understood. Whether they find it funny or not is another question. Over here, I have to make sure that they understand the references.

Do you feel a pressure to come up with new material?

Yes, an extreme pressure, and then I drink until I don’t care anymore.

It’s not the same as being a musician, for example, where you can come back two years later and play virtually the same songs. Once you’ve got a laugh out of someone you’re not going to get that same laugh again.

Yeah, exactly. It would be nice to have a new hour of material every year, but only around half of that will work in the UK. So then I’m scrambling to find material anywhere I can. I might purposefully run over a kid on a bike and pretend it was an accident, just so I can have a new bit about accidentally running over a fat kid on a bike.

Do you fall back on improv in those situations?

[laughs] If I had a better brain I might! I’ll improvise anything I can. I will do everything in my power to not tell my jokes, because I don’t think I’m funny, and I’m sick of everything I’ve ever said before. So yeah, I’ll improvise, but it won’t be jokes necessarily. It will be the underlying stream of consciousness, where I start talking out loud about how much I want to kill myself and never do this again for a living, but it’s coming out my mouth rather than going through my brain first. Not quite ‘Whose Line Is It Anyway?’

Are there any topics that are completely off limits to you?

No, there are just topics that are too boring or long-winded to bother tackling.

Can you give me an example?

There’s just stuff that I hate so much that it never comes out funny. The justice system, prison, the wrongly accused... But really, is there anything off limits to anyone?

I think there is, and I think that’s what you’re good at – straight talking. Which is what you need from a comedian.

But there are a lot of comics that are of my genre. We’ve beat any topic that’s good to death – abortion, racism, paedophilia, rape, overpopulation... There’s nothing off limits that hasn’t already been done well. Attacking the audience is the last thing. Talking to someone at the front and saying, “What the fuck is your problem that you spend this much money to see comedy, you fucking tool?!” That would be the last barrier. “Fuck you and fuck me. Good night.”

That would probably go down quite well in some areas of this country. We can be quite self-loathing.

I hope so, cos that’s my closer [coughs violently]. Sorry, I just drank a bit of cocktail down the wrong hole.

Now that I am entering the waning years of my career and I have this reputation for brutal honesty, I should just start lying. I could reinvent myself just by making shit up. I don’t know why I can’t do that.

People like me can help you out with that.

Oh I know, but there’s something so wrong about it. If I could just start lying I could get 20 more years out of this pig. Write me some lies and send them over. Seriously. I’ll pay you cash. Please lie in this interview. Make up one small detail. Say I’m going to be on the new season of American Idol or something. Anything, whatever. Just one tiny lie to amuse me and I’ll back you up.



FOOD.

SUPPER CLUBS.
CASSIE KILL.

Recently, supper clubs have hit the mainstream media as an alternative to a formal meal in a restaurant. For those who have never heard of supper clubs, the premise is simple; you pay to eat good quality, home-cooked food made by great amateur foodies in your community, often in their own homes or at a ‘pop up’ restaurant in a community building. It’s a bit like a really good dinner party. You never quite know what you’re going to get, and often you don’t even know where you’re going until the night itself.

To find out more, I met up with Luisa Golob from Blend, who has recently set up a supper club to fundraise for their community events (see issue 46 for more info).

What inspired you to set up the supper club?

It’s something I had wanted to do for a while. It was about bringing people together, creating a bit of a buzz and doing something different to what’s already on offer on London Road, but a lot more came out of it than I expected.

Why do you think supper clubs have become so popular recently?

I think they’ve become popular because people feel like we’re losing a sense of community and food brings people together. It’s a good opportunity to eat good food and meet new people and most of the time it is probably cheaper than going to a restaurant. I think it attracts people who might otherwise go to a restaurant, but at the one we ran there was quite a good mix of ages, which I wasn’t necessarily expecting so much. I think individual women came as they found it was a safe place to meet new people. Really it doesn’t matter what age you are and if you’re a group, a couple or on your own.

How is a supper club different to a restaurant?

I don’t know if this happens at all supper clubs, but ours was a set menu which I think people like because it’s better value and means you get a greater variety of food and can try lots of new things.

I also think it’s that ‘pop up’ element. It was a secret venue; I only disclosed it the afternoon of the event and I think people like that discovery element. I sent some clues on the day and people were emailing trying to guess and getting excited.

Do you have any plans for the near future?

I think we’ll do a quarterly supper club. The next one might be themed on traditional English food to link up with the Jubilee. I think we’ll try to get culturally themed food involved as we do with the Blend cook-a-longs. As you can imagine it’s a lot of work, so quarterly will probably be as much as we’ll do, which will keep it special too.

[@blendcookeatshare.yolasite.com](http://blendcookeatshare.yolasite.com)
[@blendsheffield](https://twitter.com/blendsheffield)



BAKED FIG AND VANILLA CUSTARDS.

SERVES 6.
CASSIE KILL.

600ml semi-skimmed milk
3 medium eggs
2 teaspoons of vanilla extract (or 1 scraped out vanilla pod)
35g caster sugar
3 figs

Preheat the oven to Gas Mark 3/170°C/fan oven 150°C/325°F. Heat the milk until quite hot, without allowing it to boil. Remove from the heat.

Whisk the eggs, vanilla extract and sugar together in a large jug, then pour on the hot milk, stirring all the time. Strain the mixture through a sieve into six individual ramekins. Place half a fig gently into the custard without letting it sink.

Stand the ramekins in a deep tin with enough warm water to come about halfway up the sides. Bake for 25-30 minutes for individual desserts. The custard should be set and firm to the touch.

PHOTOS: SARA HILL.
CHEF: FREDDIE BATES.



SALMON, CORIANDER AND LIME FISHCAKES.

SERVES 4.
CASSIE KILL.

FISHCAKES:
300g potatoes
450g salmon
2 tablespoons olive oil
Small bunch coriander
One tablespoon plain flour, plus extra for dusting
One large egg
Two limes
Salt and pepper

SALSA:
3 tomatoes
Red onion (½)
Cucumber (½)
Lemon (½)

Peel and chop your potatoes and add to a pan of salted, boiling water. Rub the salmon fillets with olive oil and season. Put the fish into a colander covered with aluminum foil and place it over the pan of potatoes. Turn the heat down and cook for 10-12 minutes, until the potatoes and fish are both cooked.

Remove the fish from the colander and put to one side. Drain the potatoes in the colander. Finely chop the coriander. Mash the potatoes and remove any skin from the fish.

When the potato has cooled, put it into a bowl and break the fish into it with one tablespoon of flour. Add the egg and chopped coriander with the remaining salt and pepper. Zest ½ a lime, then add to the mixture and mix it all up well. If it tastes too bitter then add a pinch of sugar. You can also add chilli to taste.

Dust your work surface with flour. Divide your fish cake mixture into four. Lightly shape into fishcakes about 2cm thick, ensuring each is lightly floured all over. Heat some olive oil in a large frying pan on a medium heat. Once hot, add your fish cakes and cook for 3-4 minutes on each side or until crisp and golden.

Serve with chunks of lime, salad and a creamy mayonnaise. You can also make an tasty salsa with finely chopped tomato, red onion, cucumber and coriander and a squeeze of lemon.



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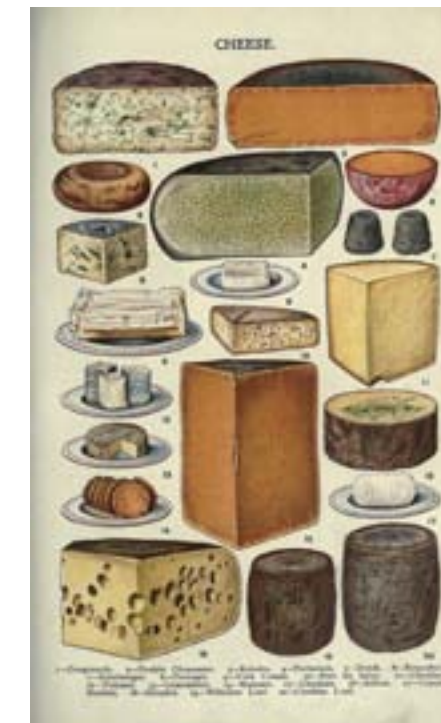
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PORTLAND WORKS.

SAFEGUARDING SHEFFIELD'S HERITAGE.
SAM WALBY.

As the editor of this magazine, there are certain local clichés that I try to avoid printing. One of them is “the Steel City”, an overused phrase that more often than not is lazy journalistic shorthand. Just as “the Big Smoke” conjures up an image of late Victorian London shrouded in pollution that is alien to most present-day Londoners, so “the Steel City” binds us to the past, to a process that is remote to the majority of us, especially in the context of a music review or an article about growing your own.

But it is very easy to overlook the importance of local history and heritage. Clichés notwithstanding, Sheffield will always be inextricably linked to the manufacturing of steel, and one key heritage site in the city was the first place in the world that stainless steel was produced.

Portland Works was built in 1879, an early example of an ‘integrated works’ that located the independent craftsmen involved in the manufacturing of cutlery under one roof. Frustrated with his bosses at local firm Firth Brown, metallurgist and cutlery expert Harry Brearley produced what he initially called ‘rustless steel’ in 1913. After experimenting, he teamed up with master craftsman Ernest Stuart at Portland Works in Sharrow to create an entirely new product – stainless steel cutlery. Sheffield had been known for its cutlery since the 14th century, but as World War I concluded, the city quickly became internationally recognised for its stainless steel.

Today, the complex is still home to numerous little mesters – local dialect for “independent masters” – specialising in traditional manufacturing methods and innovating to create new products. Over 20 businesses are based at the works, including metal workers, expert engravers, woodwork specialists, musicians and artists. The building itself is Grade II* listed by English Heritage and is home to a serviceable forge that is 140 years old. But the works has been in a state of disrepair for years and was nearly sold off for redevelopment three years ago, before a group of committed volunteers began working to raise the funds necessary to buy the building, at which point the rents of the tenants will begin contributing to the building’s restoration.

Thanks to some very hard campaigning over the last three years and the generosity of 300 Sheffields and others who’ve taken part in the community share purchase, we can celebrate the imminent purchase of this iconic building.

Portland Works Little Sheffield, a Community Benefit Society (CBS), is set to purchase the works for the local community. Anyone who buys shares can be a voting member of the society which will own, manage and restore the building. Run on co-operative principles, the group will develop community use of the building, providing a small cutlery heritage centre, open days and education programmes. It will promote traditional manufacturing skills and processes, while also looking to encourage new business and innovation. The CBS model also puts the possibility of large heritage and lottery grants on the table.

An impressive £175,000 has been invested by members of the community alone, and although the sale deal has been agreed with the current owners, the CBS still needs to hit a target of at least £200,000 to get the project underway. We are proud to have covered the Save Portland Works campaign in May and October 2010 and throughout 2011, but 2012 is when the real action is taking place.

You can still invest anything between £100 and £20,000 in Portland Works before the share offer closes in June. If £100 is too much, you could think about splitting a share with a friend or making a simple donation to the cause. Remember, this is money that will go directly into the cause and will allow you to get involved in the campaign in any way you see fit. Buildings like Portland Works are unique and must be protected if we are to safeguard the history and heritage of Sheffield for future generations.

A few years down the line you should find that, thanks to your support, Portland Works is a fully restored, fully functional, fully occupied facility housing the little mesters of tomorrow, a place where traditional methods and forward-thinking creativity meet. When your kids ask, “Why is it called the Steel City?”, you can take them down to Portland Works and show them.

Read the group’s community share offer or learn more about the invention of stainless steel at portlandworks.co.uk

Get in touch by emailing info@portlandworks.co.uk



PETE LEDGER, SILVER PLATER pmlplating.co.uk

Pete is probably the only independent silver plater in Sheffield. After 30 years working for W H Saynors, now sadly gone like so many firms, he set up his own business at Portland Works in 2009. After starting up in small workshops in the courtyard, last year he moved into the old Wigfull Tools packing shop.

He employs Dave and Elaine, and between them they’ll silver plate anything within reason. Old second-hand cutlery which only looks fit for scrap can be polished and replated to the highest standards, making it look literally new again. Much of Pete’s business is new work though – 30 microns thickness and “the best,” he claims. It certainly looks impressive. Examples of his work can be found in Buckingham Palace, Tower of London and Hardwick Hall.



SHELLEY HUGHES, ARTIST AND EDUCATOR shelleyhughes.co.uk

Shelley lives in Sheffield, having returned to city life in South Yorkshire 15 years after she left at the age of 7. She runs educational and outreach projects with young people and adults across the city. She also holds a studio at Portland Works, where she paints and draws portraits. Here she is currently part of the group saving Portland Works and its many small businesses, artists, makers and musicians, through the community share issue.

“I am interested in themes of identity and these works in particular explore ideas of childhood and youth, with the ideal in direct conflict with the real. I had a really rather idyllic childhood living in a small village community in rural Ryedale and obviously that has had an effect on my character. I’m interested in ideas of how your surroundings, upbringing, friends and family form or at least imprint on your character in later life.”



MICK SHAW, ENGRAVER mshaw.co.uk

Mick Shaw left school to start work as a farming apprentice. He later moved to well-established Sheffield firm Pryors, where he learned his trade of machine engraving. He can make tiny punches, as used by the assay office for hallmarks, or large engraved signs, like the old brass ones lawyers used to have.

The process starts off as a photographic copy of a large-scale drawing, etched or cast in resin, then copied by pantograph milling machines onto hard steel. The job requires great skill and patience, a good eye and a lot of experience. Sometime in the 80s, Mick started working in a corner of long-gone Arthur Lay’s engineering workshop in Portland Works, and eventually set up there as an independent engineer around 27 years ago.



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Thanks to all those who attended our Varsity Poetry Slam down at The Riverside. It was a great turn out and we're already looking forward to our next event with a featured slot from Word Life co-founder Kayo Chingonyi. Kayo has performed at the Tate Modern, Buckingham Palace, toured across South Africa and read at any poetry night worth its salt in the UK. I'm looking forward to having him back in Sheffield on 21st April.

Two poems and one prose piece this month. You can comment on any of the pieces published here online on our website. Keep the submissions coming to joe@nowthenmagazine.com

Spire Writes.

Havana Whites, Chesterfield.

3rd April.

Featuring Joe Hakim, Mike Watts and open mic.

Free entry.

9th May.

Featuring Tony Walsh, Sarah Thomasin and open mic.

Free entry.

Word Life.

Featuring Kayo Chingonyi, open mic and much more.

20th April

Bradford Theatre In The Mill, 7.30pm.

21st April

Sheffield, The Riverside, 7.30pm.

HOW TO BUILD CATHEDRALS.

After Cildo Meireles

To think, when the Cessna's wheels bumped the makeshift

runway, women-folk walked uncovered and the men knew

nothing of their godly duties. I started them on The Gospels.

Marianne instilled the finer points of feminine deportment. Before long

they knew the principal scriptures by heart and could recite the Hail Mary

in the perfect broken English our predecessors bequeathed them.

We've had a number of successes: children wake afraid of God's wrath,

ladies wear brassieres and the gents cease gambling on the Sabbath day.

In the last sermon before hurricane season I say, tapping my breast, this is a church.

Kayo Chingonyi.

POET DOES NOT REQUIRE ATTENDANCE.

Poet stands tall and speaks live wires till your heart bleeds conscience, voice and mystery at the intimidation of language upon thought and being while thinking.

He will tell you that his symbols come from a heaven in his mind, and that like Da Vinci's measurements and synchronous math, this too is a natural code that bows to no moneyed master.

He will say that still in all this we experience the just nature of context, cause and effect together, but that the joy is at the beginning, with the egg and the I perception. Poet will stamp his foot.

Shout the mystery is as it IS! That the life of a poet is a life lived then described in symbol-full sound.

His brow will furrow and run sad, as he tells you that all you are can never be captured in words, that the joy of successive sunsets cannot be captured in successive poems.

That all is once and that ONCE has simply never been.

Poet will tell you he has called in sick today. That time is a ritual based on habit not inspiration. That he found freedom between nine and five. He'll ask if you did too?

Poet will tell you that the holy words are a fiction on a clouded sky, but one that if he is honest, he pertains no small attachment to. Poet will chuckle, at the spirit entering the mind.

Finally Poet will tell you that the trick of the truth is in listening for the sound of a bell ring from your soul.

Poet will promise you that this requires no expense, no therapy or monthly subscription.

Poet does not require attendance.

James Lock.

YES!

billy is having the best night of his life. everyone will love him, and his girlfriend anna will change her mind and let him finger her for sure.

life feels fucking great, billy's usual self-conscious restraints falling onto the pavement with each step, with each empty miniature gordon's gin cast under hedges, thrown into bus stops, back gardens, shop doorways, post-boxes, schoolyards, shopping trolleys, playgrounds, graveyards.

YES! billy is more alive than he has ever been, colours and movement, sound and sense, everything is different, better, new and improved. by the time the staggering billy reaches the church hall doorway he has already decided that this is how he wants to stay: from this thirteen to forever. he smiles at the old lady who collects the entrance money, telling her how beautiful she looks.

love you, says billy with a nonchalant flick of the wrist, swinging back the dull thump-thump-thump doors to the sound of selector, that mod band that a headbanger like billy cannot dance to, cannot admit to liking amongst his headbanger friends, and yet, tonight, billy the incredible is crossing boundaries, squeezing the juice from the gonads of life, and jumping straight in amongst the trilby-headed, narrow-tied, two-tone knees-up of the bumboy mods.

YES! billy cries, pogoing dead-centre of the enemy, like a brick dropped into a bowl of milk, the ripple of astonishment stopping the running-on-the-spot suited dancers around the epicentre of billy.

WHAT THE FUCK YOU DOING? yells fat johnny into billy's ear as billy the wonderful lands from a deer-like spring through the air. billy fixes fat johnny with a bozz-eyed grin. YES! he shouts into fat johnny's face, but by now the modboys and beatgirls have all stopped their jag-kneed dancing to gawp. this will not do! but before they can decide on how to react to billy's crime of dance, the opening flourish of no more heroes by the stranglers causes a spiky tide of punks and punkettes to wash across the dancefloor, studs and white paint on leather, tartan and straps and green-laced doc marts send the mods scattering to their corner of the church hall, and the grinning billy does the only thing he can do to celebrate this life, this wondrous gift of existence, and that is to do the twist.

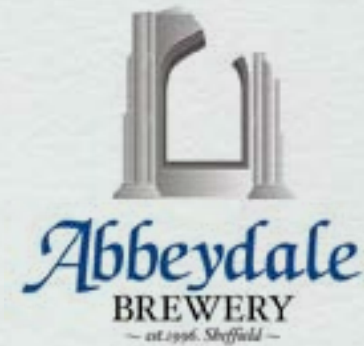
and this, is where things take a turn towards the ugly: the punk boys and girls doing what they have to do too, which is to hurt billy in the form of dance, by hurling their pogoing spit and boot into the twisting, laughing fool that has the audacity not to dance the dance that has to be, stubbing their fags out on billy's face, which now hails a call to billy's headbanger friends, who up to now have been watching goggle-eyed and gob-smacked from their corner of the church hall, and can hesitate no longer as one of their own is kicked and spat on and used as an ashtray.

the music stops

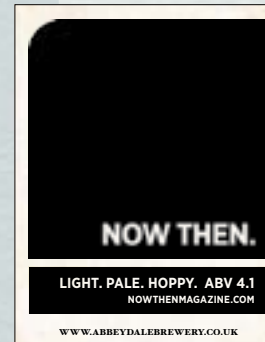
and the elderly ladies and gentlemen of the church committee attempt to quell the push and the shove as best they can, and as the yellow light of fluorescence fills the hall, the white-haired reverend leads billy by the wrist to the fire-exit, the bloody-lipped three-minute hero of the hour, grinning at the adoring crowd, knowing full well that he is now champion of the world, a new god, a name that will be passed from classmate to stranger, throughout the whole village to the town: billy, the boy who danced against the grain, the boy who everyone will want to be, want to be with, to fuck and to worship, the boy who started a revolution.

outside his bedroom window, the birds are singing to billy, billy wishes they'd shut up and leave him alone. he doesn't want to remember pissing his jeans at the top of the slide, standing open-armed and crucified like a pissy jesus, all the faces looking up and laughing as he tells everyone to piss themselves because it's the only way. he doesn't want to remember the broken chip-shop window, the cut hand, the same cut hand that smeared anna's face with a slap when she called him a stupid cunt. he doesn't want to remember his mum and dad when the police brought him home, the same mum and dad that are now sat downstairs waiting to talk to him, to cry and to shout, to tell him there is something wrong with him, to tell him that he's breaking their hearts and to ask in the name of good god all-bloody-chuffing-mighty: why?

Dean Lilleyman.



SPECIAL FOR APRIL



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Fri 6th M & J Blues 9pm, **Sat 7th** Jim O'Mahoney 9pm, **Fri 13th** John Keane and
Friends 9pm, **Sat 14th** Robin Hoare 9pm, **Thurs 19th** Scandi Session 9pm, **Fri**
20th Jackalope Tales 9pm, **Sat 21st** Dale Storr 9pm, **Wed 25th** John Keane Session
9pm, **Thurs 26th** Galactic Session 9pm, **Fri 27th** Billy Martin Jnr. 9pm,
Sat 28th Black Hares 9pm.

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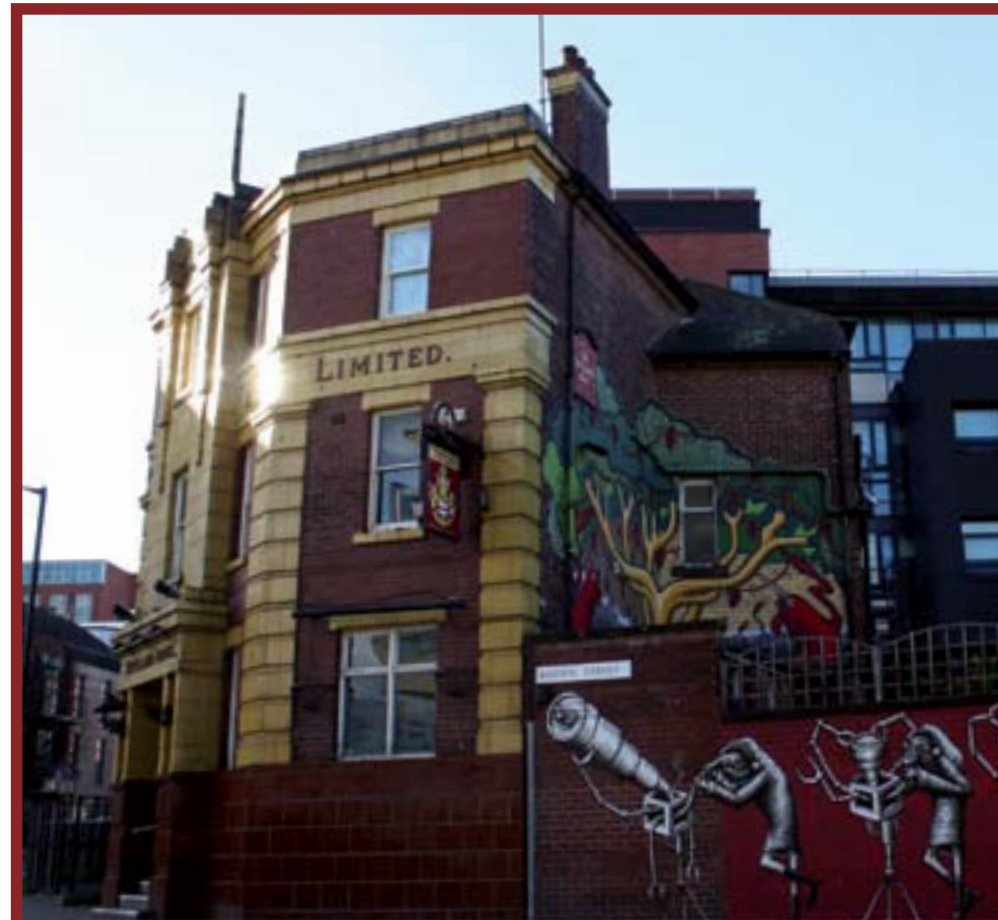
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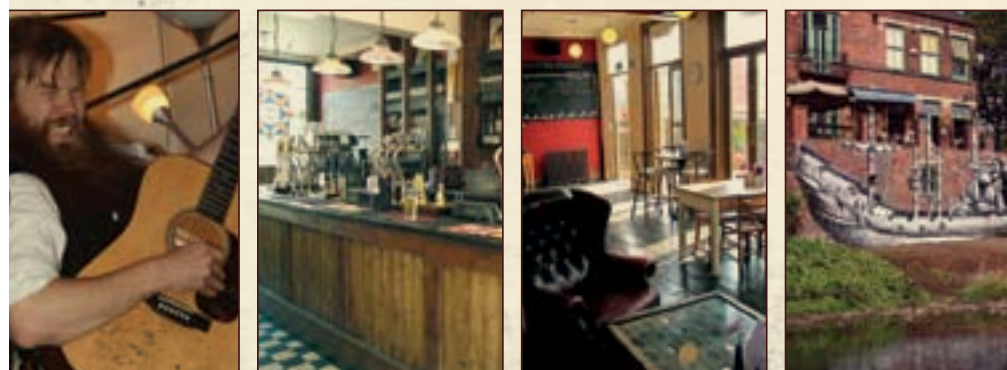
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‘Luncheon on the Lawn’, Shaun Bloodworth / Humanstudio, 2011.

HUMANSTUDIO.

STAINLESS STEEL.
WORDS BY JONES.

Whilst art - be it fine art to graffiti, illustrate points with avid detail and hand worked finesse - design and graphic art are distinctly more visceral. They demand a simplicity that can give its message clearly and with purpose.

Human represent a great example of this. Their own particular brand of no nonsense Northern creativity is undeniably modern and the tight and distinctive style across a bewildering variety of media stands as testament to masters at work.

What started you wanting to make things?

Because we can and because things around us didn't look good enough.

Can you describe the process of starting a new piece?

As our work is so varied, the process is tailored for each project, but the initial stages always involve research regardless of whether it's self-initiated or commercial.

Where do you get your inspiration from?

Anywhere that isn't a graphic design website.

Tools. What do you use regularly and what's your favourite?

Our brains. Obvious but 100% true. Think before clicking.

Whilst your client base is clearly international, you often work with locals, like The Black Dog and Shaun Bloodworth. Do you think it's important to represent Sheffield in your choice of collaborators and in the end product itself?

It's more a question of involving people we trust and enjoy collaborating with. Having said that, we do love Sheffield and tell people everywhere, from Barcelona to Buenos Aires, how great it is.

With more and more ways to show visual work, what do you find to be the most satisfying? Does design for print still hold interest over installations and live media?

Each medium has its own quality, but we don't really worry about the media - just the message. The best method is the one that gets the idea across.

What other artistic media have had an effect on your work?

Fashion. Architecture. Dance. Pies.

How do you spend your days?

We typically spend eight hours a day touching electronic devices and talking to people. In between this we try to make the world look a better place and express ideas that make people think differently about the world around them.

How have your products evolved over time?

When Human was launched in 2007, iPhones and iPads didn't exist, so apps are new for us and everyone else. Also, advances in camera technology make previously difficult places accessible for filming in HD.

How has art in general changed since you started?

We now use computers. For anyone under 40, look up "Rotring pen".

What are you currently working on?

We're currently developing a new exhibition with Dubfire's SCI+TEC label for Barcelona during Sonar Festival this June. Also, on a music tip, we've just produced new branding for Richie Hawtin and are working on some more projects with him. In other sectors, a branding scheme for a new cable company and more fashion work for Kilgour and Fitriani.

Also, we're currently producing an animated film with human geography experts Professor Danny Dorling and Carl Lee, as well as working on a virtual exhibition with the Department of Computer Science at the University of Sheffield for this year's Festival of the Mind.

Any tips on how to survive making money from creativity?

Work hard and be nice to people.

What do you dislike in art?

Lazy corporate artists.

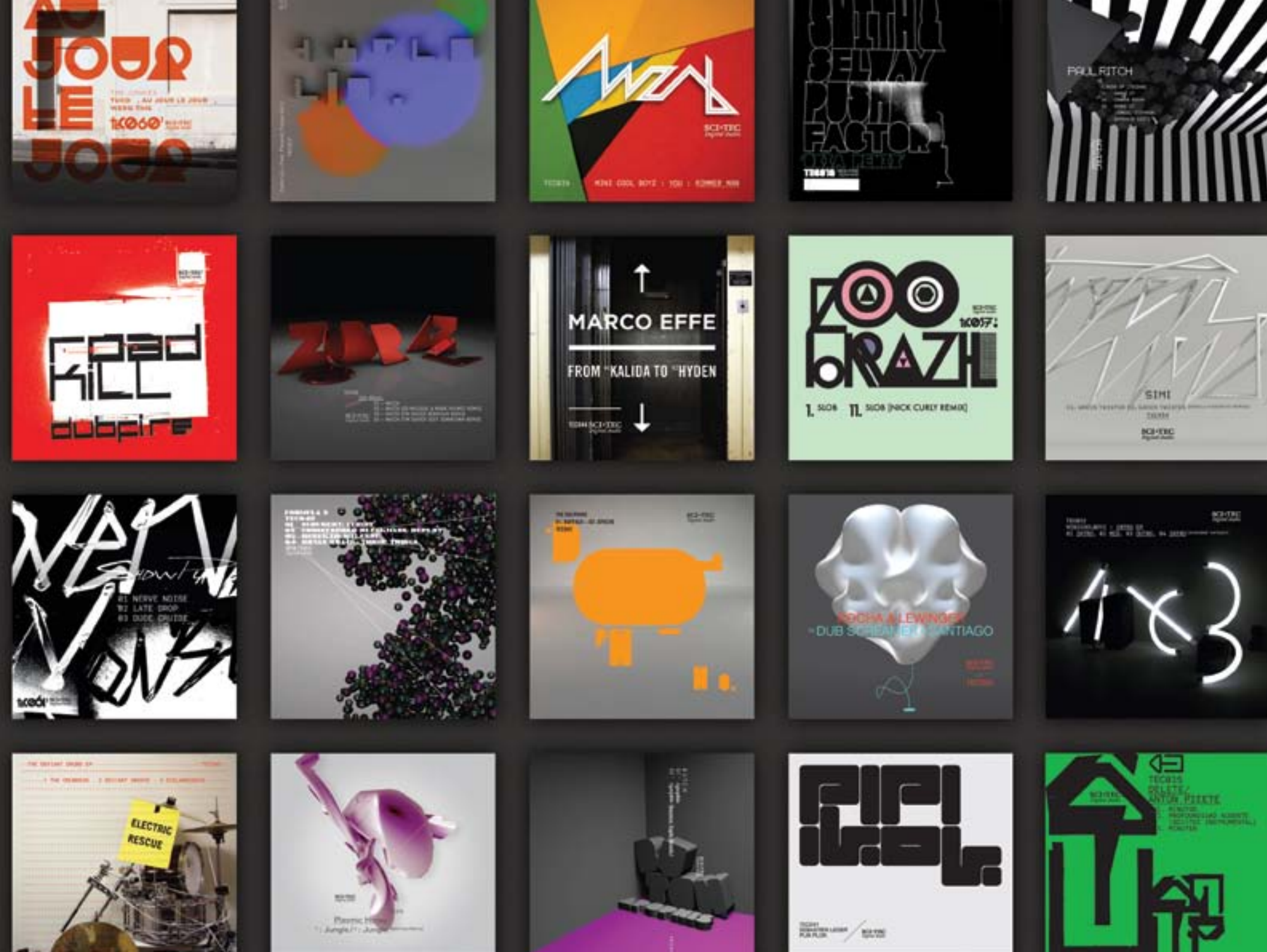
What makes you smile in art?

Jeremy Deller. Heartwarming and life affirming.

Good advice you wish you'd been told earlier?

Do what you love. Or do something else.

www.humanstudio.com



Above : 'namuH' iPhone app (released 2011) commemorating 'namuH' exhibition, Tokyo, 2010. / Right : SCI+TEC Digital Audio covers, 2007-12.







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“The Pea”, collaboration with Shaun Bloodworth, CollardManson and Toni&Guy, 2008.

- 01 ‘The Lonely VIP’
- 02 ‘The Storm’
- 03 ‘The Visitor’
- 04 ‘The Introduction’
- 05 ‘The Placing’
- 06 ‘The Restless Night’

SOUND.

NICHE MARKET.
CHECAN LAROMANI.

The supposed ‘demise’ of bassline house often sparks up as a hot topic of debate on Twitter and Facebook as well as elsewhere. Some arguing that it’s ‘dead,’ with a slew of producers deserting to start making grime or some electro hybrid and the police in Sheffield taking a remarkable stance against bassline events, there’s obviously a case to say it’s taken a hit.

It’s fair to say bassline is effectively banned in Sheffield. Past events have made the word ‘bassline’ synonymous with violence to the authorities. If you want to put on a night of it, you can’t before the police cancel it. It’s a shame that the authorities now regard a scene that originated and blossomed in Sheffield as a nuisance.

I never actually went to Niche, nor was I old enough to witness bassline explode first hand. I can only go off what I’ve seen, which is that whenever I play it in Sheffield, people love it. When I play it in London, people love it. Wherever it’s played, it’s a hit. It’s the same story everywhere. When there aren’t dickheads moshing about and alpha-maling themselves, it’s one of the greatest genres for a club. T2’s ‘Heartbroken’, for instance, probably the most commercially successful bassline tune ever, peaked at number 2 in the UK charts and was a clear example of what a great piece of dance music should be; perfectly rowdy and bass heavy while retaining that female friendliness that made it enjoyable for everyone.

During its ‘hibernation’, bassline has evolved. It was once the domain of the bedroom producer using toy synth-presets, but the production values of bassline have now gained an air of professionalism. While still often produced in bedrooms, the standard of bassline releases in the past few months doesn’t look out of place with the various other bass-related genres being released.

It’s no longer about getting a copy of Burgaboy’s bass patch and being content with sounding the same - it’s become an innovative and fresh scene. This is especially helped when the labels themselves are well practiced, like Numbers, Local Action and Sheffield’s own Project All Out.

By no means is the genre ‘dead.’ The volume of responses online shows the opposite - it is alive and well. A lot of the ‘old guard’ may have vanished, but let’s not forget there’s a bassline focused show on 1 Xtra every week in the form of DJ Q’s UKG show. One place, every Tuesday night/Wednesday morning for anyone interested in getting a really good look at what I’m talking about. As well as this, Mosca’s ‘Bax’ was one of the biggest underground hits of 2011 and there’s a whole heap of great new producers that make it regardless of the fashions music inevitably goes through.

A big underlying question over it all is, why does it matter if bassline has died down? Music has, and no doubt always will, move in cycles, trends and fashions. The very fact that people dismiss or stop making a genre simply because it’s not ‘in’ probably says more about some of the people that were into it. If I was making what was fashionable I’d be putting out that nasty mid-range brostep rubbish. Maybe a little refreshing was what bassline needed, so that all that remains are people who genuinely love the music regardless of it being the current trend or not.

soundcloud.com/checan

A HAWK AND A HACKSAW.

3RD MARCH.
ST GEORGE'S CHURCH.

REVIEWER – PETE MARTIN.

A Hawk and A Hacksaw formed in New Mexico a decade ago and have since toured regularly, immersing themselves in the folk music of whichever country they’ve pitched up in. They have lived and worked in Hungary and Romania and their music reflects this with such disparate styles as Mariachi, Klezmer and Balkan.

This latest tour sees them playing a live rescore of Sergei Paradjanov’s 1964 film **Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors**. The film is a tale of the pre-industrial struggles of Ivan and his fellow peasants in the Ukraine and their loves, losses and violent deaths. Village life is hard and Ivan toils to provide for his family. The line between reality and magic is blurred and Ivan’s thoughts and dreams become increasingly hallucinogenic. Paradjanov’s work was viewed with great suspicion by the Soviet authorities and he was arrested on more than one occasion, spending time in the notorious gulags.

The setting of St George’s Church is perfect and, though it has been converted into a University lecture theatre, it retains much of the original stonework and facades. AHAAH’s main instrumentation of Jeremy Barnes’ accordion and Heather Trost’s violin mesh together to provide a sweeping, soaring symphony that complements the often brutal story that unfolds on screen. Barnes and Trost sit in darkness at either side of the large screen and unobtrusively add musical texture and nuance to the visuals.

The idea of the performance is “not to accompany a silent film, but to work with the existing dialogue and score to create a new blend of live music and pre-recorded sound that accompanies, comments on, and sometimes overtakes the original soundtrack and dialogue”. AHAAH do this with consummate ease. Both Barnes and Trost add subtle elements that beautifully enhance and act as a counterpoint to Paradjanov’s folkloric mysticism.

Both musicians occasionally interject with urgent bursts of violin and accordion as the story turns violent, then just as suddenly Trost plays a haunting piano passage as the mood mellows. Barnes’ cimbalom and mouth harp are also used to reflect these different themes.

Perhaps this is how all cinema should be viewed. It is as far from Hollywood-by-numbers as you can get, because everyone involved imbues this performance with intelligence, passion and subtlety. An unforgettable evening.

Read an interview with A Hawk and A Hacksaw on page 50.

JOAN BAEZ.

9TH MARCH.
CITY HALL.

REVIEWER - TASHA FRANEK.

Think Woodstock ’69. The rain begins to fall as it hits midnight, and onto the stage trails a heavily pregnant and glowing Joan Baez. She wishes the crowd good morning, before beginning her beautiful, awe-inspiring set. By this point in her career she has already established herself as a key player in both the folk revival and civil rights movements across the globe. The perfect candidate to round up day one of what she, as well as many others, still consider one of her greatest performances and the epitome of the era.

Fast forward over four decades and here we find ourselves. After an eight-year absence from Sheffield, Baez returned to the City Hall. With ticket prices substantially higher than many of the other wonderful venues Sheffield has to offer, it was going to take somebody really special for me to fork out the extra cash. And my goodness, did I choose wisely.

The set began with just her and a guitar, but she was soon joined by Dirk Powell, a multi-instrumentalist who showcased his remarkable talents on guitar, accordion, piano and violin, to name a few. Alongside the two of them was the very bump that caused such a reaction at Woodstock, Joan’s son Gabe Harris. Another man of impeccable talent, his soft and understated percussion added another layer of beauty and intimacy. Together, they brought the audience to their feet on a number of occasions – a lively crowd considering many were of a similar age to Baez herself, who believe it or not is dipping her toes into her seventies.

Though age may have slightly softened her ferocious vibrato voice, it has in no way damaged it. Every aspect of her performance had a beautiful raw energy to it; stronger than any I’d ever witnessed before. Everybody was able to feel the incredibly real connection she had to the music and lyrics of each song, especially the more topical numbers, of which she has become so well known for. Particular favourites of mine included ‘House of the Rising Sun’ and ‘Farewell, Angelina’, written by a man who Baez has described as one of the best songwriters she has known, Bob Dylan. A three-song encore tied up the evening perfectly with some fantastic sing-a-longs which sent shivers down each and every spine. Finishing on another Dylan favourite, ‘Blowin’ in the Wind’, Baez waved a final goodbye to an awestruck audience.

We were also treated to stories of Joan’s past and present throughout the performance. One minute announcing the birthday of her tour assistant and conducting us all in song, the next hinting at dropping acid with Janis Joplin back in the seventies – her colourful life was exposed for all of us to share. These little touches only further added to the personal atmosphere of the night and it was great to hear that she hung about afterwards to meet and greet some of her biggest British fans.

CLUB60 PRESENTS.

29TH FEBRUARY.
GREYSTONES.

REVIEWER – LAURENCE PIERCY.

Pip Mountjoy is a singer-songwriter with an excellent voice and no modest guitar skill. Her songwork is pleasant, but often marred, like so much music, by distractingly blunt lyrics. Here, either real tutelage should be sought, or the job should be handed over to a consumptive librettist, whose desperate scribbles might persuade those barnacled sea-gods to leave off the musico-poetic coracle and allow it float safely, instead of filling it with brine in a fit of pique.

One morning, Robespierre sat down to breakfast. His house-guest, a German, was already at the table wearing a white terry-cloth dressing gown. They were served boiled eggs. When those eggs in their egg cups were placed on table by the liveried waiting staff, they were served in the style anglais, which is to say, with the small end pointing up and the large end glued to the magnetic south. Without hesitation (in the throes of habit) the sturdy Teuton spun his quarry and dug in his spoon in at the opposite extremity. At that moment, reality dawned. The fog of greed evaporated. The roman blind of eagerness was raised and secured against the cleat of truth to let in the harsh light of good conduct. He covered his neck in a protective gesture, but the kindly republican on the other side of the table contorted his face into a smile and bellowed: vive la difference!

This is how I felt when Sieben shuffled onto the stage, and my stirrings were confirmed when he started to lay the groundwork for the first song. He drums and plucks on his violin, records loops and layers them, roughs his stubble against the bridge, makes whale noises into the fs, and climaxes in broad, swaying bow strokes and fidgety vocals, sometimes tremulous, sometimes sturdy, which, with everything put through a machine, are slightly, pleasingly, electronic and not entirely shredless. The cumulative drive of the songs makes the set absorbing, though the structure gets slightly repetitive at times. Overall, though, excellent.

Unsung National Heroes peddle enforced jollity by way of big band skiffle. Not to my taste. As the keyboard struck up another little ditty, my mood darkened and my eyebrows knitted into an expression so baleful that it could curdle mouthwash. From that purgatory, I managed to peep out at the other audience members. Lo, my mood was not entirely shared. To my right, a hoary travelling man was banging his staff in time to the music. Beyond him, a lovesick youth plucked the petals from a daisy in a brisk 4/4. By the stage, a stern Jesuit spanked himself with a ruler in a rhythmic frenzy of self-mortification. As the song reached its end, a woman emerged from the bar and, putting a hanky to her cold-worn nose, blew with the final strains of the joyful dénouement.

HOSTED BY COOL BEANS.

This month sees the introduction of our brand new all-singing-all-dancing listings column, hosted by the fine chaps at Cool Beans. This month also marks the death of Jesus Christ and the birth of Adolf Hitler. Don’t let this depress you too much though, because there’s plenty of audio/visual stimulation on offer.

PANGAEA CARNIVAL.

13th April / The Harley / £3 OTD.

Smiley Maxx and crew dig out the pineapples once more for Sheffield’s premier salsa/calypso/steeldrumhouse/coconutstep night.

MYSTERY JETS.

16th April / Queens Social Club / £12.50 adv.

Big band play small venue in aid of the Jet’s newest album. This will be a rare treat for fans of the indie-pop posse.

NICOLA FARNON.

18th April / Revolución de Cuba / Free entry.

The Big Swing keeps it stylish as ever as they showcase one of the UK’s classiest and most accomplished jazz/swing vocalists.

GOLDIE.

20th April / DQ / £5 adv.

Clifford Joseph Price leaves his conducting baton and sheet music at home and returns to his jungle/drum ‘n’ bass roots. Very strong support in the form of Mikey J and Mysticonic.

SHIMMIES & SHAKES.

21st April / The Vine / £4 OTD.

Emily Strange invites The Speakeasy, Drop the Bomb, Lara Rose, Doc Leroc, Pansy Cheung and cut-loose cowgirl Depravity Jane to perform at one of many upcoming Sheffield Live fundraisers.

wAVe.

28th April / Creative Arts Development Space (CADS) / £10 adv.

Sheffield Art Forge debuts their cutting edge audio-visual experience as part of the Sensoria Festival. Including performances from Zan Lyons, Scanone, Origamibiro and Blood Sport.

For more listings, go to nowthenmagazine.com.



DEMDIKE STARE.

**ELEMENTAL.
MODERN LOVE.**

REVIEWER - BEN DOREY.

of work enable you to see quite how much the duo have changed direction, which is more difficult to judge when the music is seeping out in three track releases.

This album has none of Triptych's musical unity, partly due to an increasing abandonment of the dub techno framework the group vaguely followed early on. In interviews, Miles Whittaker has mentioned how he enjoys messing around with hardware until it plays itself, and this release feels like he has indulged this passion. This handing over of controls to more machinistic processes paradoxically lends a more organic sound to the music. The inevitability of other human influences when sampling what's gone before fades to the prominent background and the timelessness of the music emerges.

You may have noticed that I have avoided mentioning individual track names on this release. This is because I feel that, despite its meanderings in style, this release is best taken in as an immersive whole. Though it is musically scattered, the emotions it evokes are fully unified. If you haven't yet indulged in Demdike Stare this is the perfect platform to begin your explorations. You will discover that, unlike with so much electronic music released recently, acknowledging the past does not have to mean regressing back to it. And you might just have a near religious experience while doing so.

Elemental is, like their last album **Triptych**, a compilation of previously released EPs into a singular package, which might frustrate some vinyl junkies and loyal fans who will possibly already own most of this material. I'm not quite sure where I stand on the matter myself, but the fact that the two represent the summation of two periods



ROBERT GEORGE SAULL.

**SINGS "RICHARD FURLONG".
SELF-RELEASED.**

REVIEWER - BEN ECKERSLEY.

While performing solo, Robert's guitar often fades into the background; the sound that fills the (often silent, rapt) venues is his voice, and this pervasive quality of his singing has found its way into the recording too. His voice, much like the general influences I can hear in the songwriting, is pitched somewhere between Neil Hannon of The Divine Comedy and Morrissey, with just a hint of Southern blues. It's a deep baritone, often rich and mellifluous, though on occasion dry and laconic, or with just a slight crack of emotion. In times past I might have criticised him a little for not generally having a huge range, but now I've begun to see it as one of his strengths. On the ten-minute closing track 'The Wedding Prayer', four chords are repeated on the guitar, and the effect of his voice is entirely hypnotic.

Lyricaly, this is a wonderful set of songs. The three stand-out tracks, 'Kathy', 'Dutch Elm' and 'The Wedding Prayer', are like poetic ballads. Certain lines jump out and then continue to haunt you. A huge weight of feeling can be expressed in just a few words. It's hard to take an example out of context, as these songs are detailed stories filled with fleshed out characters and meaningful situations. You'll know what I mean when you listen. Give them half a chance and these timeless songs will get under your skin and stay with you for a long time. Robert has proved that, in the right hands, the simple combination of just guitar and voice will never get boring.



WARM DIGITS.

**KEEP WARM... WITH THE WARM DIGITS.
DISTRACTION RECORDS.**

REVIEWER – ANDREW ALMOND.

Warm Digits are an electronic duo consisting of Andrew Hodson and Steve Jefferis from Manchester and Newcastle respectively. As an aside it would appear this geographical separation has directly influenced the duo's output (see the self-consciously titled 'Trans-Pennine Express', the third track).

Their debut album arrives backed by some impressive proclamations thanks to the most enthusiastic of accompanying press releases. We're told to expect a "krautophonic blizzard-wave" and "glacial otherworldliness". Such liberal use of hyperbole and unnecessary superlatives left me initially sceptical, but upon giving **Keep Warm...** a listen it became apparent that they were not without basis.

Title track 'Keep Warm' pulsates for the entirety of its six and a half minutes and is complemented by intermittent explosions of drumming and perfectly positioned synth inflections, sounding like the kind of electronic soundscape that would perfectly accompany a Stanley Kubrick movie, which on this evidence is no bad thing it must be stated.

'Trans-Pennine Express' recalls Kraftwerk at their most playful, whilst 'Weapons Destruction' is as industrial and metallic as its rather apt name would suggest, with its frantic drum beat and staccato synth work.

Fifth track 'Grapefruit' slows the pace somewhat and whilst the impeccable building block construction of the rest of Keep Warm is present, it also retains the duo's knack of wholly engaging the listener through use of hypnotic and seemingly never-ending repetition, indicating genuine craft in their compositions.

It is only perhaps the behemoth that is 'One Track Groove (Living Stereo)' that loses its way slightly. Clocking in at nearly eight minutes, the "snowstorm guitar" and frenetic drumming, rather than working in harmony as they do so brilliantly throughout the rest of the record, threaten to swamp each other, proving at times, as is so often the case, that less can equal more.

It's testament to the skill and talent of Hodson and Jefferis that Keep Warm plays like a brief history of electronic music, played out through ten brilliant tracks. It's all here; Krautrock in abundance, 80s synth pop and, through album closer 'Here Come the Warm Digits', industrial techno.



BASS CLEF.

**REELING SKULLWAYS.
PUNCH DRUNK.**

REVIEWER – SASHA LEVY-ANDERSSON.

Bass Clef (Ralph Cumbers) brings us a varied journey through the sounds of jacking analogue techno and melodic ambience with **Reeling Skullways**. It was a pleasant surprise for me as I'd not heard much from this artist before. Despite being reminiscent of lots of things, he has an individual style which causes the kind of analogue hypnosis I always enjoy from the less full-on side of techno. It certainly has an insistent beat to it and is seemingly devoid of samples. Bass Clef gives us a consistent jacking funk combined with a mellow ambience, peppered with some great acid lines and analogue dirt. The album is a good builder and definitely speaks to the techno head within me.

The release opens with a synthy, ambient intro track and then goes straight into the second track, consisting initially of a bare beat that gives us a taste of things to come. The aptly named 'Hackney-Chicago-Jupiter' has a really jacking Chicago acid sound, somewhere in between acid house and analogue techno. There are harsh snare hits interspersed with floating synths at points. There is nothing gradual about the sounds; they hit you with a groove that moves your body.

The record continues to build up to 'Stenaline Metranil Solar Flare' (another fantastic track name) with a very well placed synth and slow broken beat interlude that provides a good contrast to the build up so far. It then returns to a slightly less intense jack and 'A Rail is a Road and a Road is a River' takes the meandering feel of the record to its fullest extent. It's a bit on the long side, but if you persevere you will be rewarded with some lush sonic landscapes. 'Ghost Kicks the Spiral' is one of my favourites. It has a melodic ambience and a real mournfulness, contrasting effectively with this generally jacking release.

All in all, the sound of Bass Clef is perhaps not the most original, but it does what it does very well. It is a very well put together record full of contrast. The most interesting tracks are certainly the more ambient ones and I found them very emotive at times. It is a solid and well made release, although it doesn't break too many boundaries; a very good listen if you enjoy analogue explorations, a bit of melodious ambience and some jacking funk.

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A HAWK AND A HANDSAW.

SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS.
INTERVIEW BY TOM CHILDS.

Listening to A Hawk and a Hacksaw's 2011 release **Cervantine**, you could be forgiven for thinking the album was a compilation of obscure global folk music from days gone by. For all its intricacy and unquestionable musicianship, the music created at the behest of Jeremy Barnes and Heather Trost is certainly alien to ears saturated with the sounds of formulaic Western pop. It comes as no surprise then, that when I heard Tom Ravenscroft, progeny of the late great John Peel, play Cervantine highlight 'Lazlo Lassu' on 6Music last summer, I stopped what I was doing (frying eggs and bacon I think) and stood still, lost in the beautiful wave of violin and accordion that emanated from my kitchen stereo. The moment of foreign and unexpected serenity was in every way worth the burnt breakfast.

Equally refreshing is the group's decision to accompany Sergei Parajanov's 1964 cinematic opus **Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors** on their most recent tour, which came to Sheffield last month [read a review by Pete Martin on page 44].

'It is woefully underrated and it is one of my favorite films,' says Jeremy Barnes, ex-member of Neutral Milk Hotel and one half of the multi-instrumental pair that form A Hawk and A Hacksaw.

His reasoning behind choosing to rescore the film seems impeccably simple, yet that fact that Barnes still uses the present tense to describe the film as one of his favourites, despite having seen it in excess of 100 times, is a testament to his affections.

'In my opinion, some of the original soundtrack doesn't work so well with the film. So I felt that we could insert ourselves here and there and still use the folk songs from the original audio, without being too intrusive,' Barnes adds, his dedication to the original soundtrack exemplified by the fact that he and Trost spent time learning passages from the film in order to play along.

While soundtracking or even re-soundtracking are by no means new art forms, it is endearing to see the way in which Barnes turns his admiration for Parajanov's film into a gratifying experience for both the director's work and his band's own rescoring.

'What I love about Parajanov's films is that they are in some ways going back in time, but in others they are totally revolutionary and way ahead of other filmmaking from his era,' he says, before reflecting, 'We strive for this in our music.'

At first it may be hard to see how the work of both Parajanov and A Hawk and A Hacksaw can be seen as revolutionary, particularly given the massive folk template that both artists work from. But although my knowledge of Soviet cinema may be slightly sparse, some of the shots in Parajanov's film seem daring even now; shots from cameras seemingly falling through the branches of trees, disorientating whirling shots that capture moments of communal jubilation and a thoughtful and often aggressive use of colour against a backdrop of snowy mountains.

If Parajanov's courage was in looking forward, then A Hawk and A Hacksaw definitely rock the boat by looking back, infusing a genuine passion for the cultures whose musical heritages they borrow from with an unabashed nerve to play them with a vigour that can only be admired.

Over the course of the Sheffield performance it was sometimes a challenge to know where to look: the vibrant and dizzying shots incorporated by the film, the amusing if not wholly inconsequential subtitles or the silhouettes of Barnes and Trost exorcising all sorts of arcane spirits from the bowels of their chosen instruments. There is a feeling of fluidity to proceedings, with every element of the performance bleeding into one another. As far as I know the evening could have been very well improvised.

'People listen to music differently when they are viewing images, and it gives a live performer the ability to take more chances and do things differently in a live setting,' Barnes enthuses, and I'm inclined to agree.

In the melee of sound and images in the auspices of St. George's Church - hats off to Drowned in Sound and Sensoria for the chosen venue - there emerged a moment of serenity akin to the one that burnt my eggs some months ago. As a bereft Ivan stumbled through the forest, lamenting the loss of his childhood love, the permeating grief of Cervantine's 'Lazslo Lassu' filled the room.

'We went through each section of the film and scored individual segments and key moments first,' explains Barnes, "'Laszlo Lassu' was the first song we tried, and it worked instantly.'

And work it did, in the way that Elliot Smith so perfectly accompanies Richie Tenenbaum's attempted suicide in The Royal Tenebaums. Precious few other film and music combinations have put lumps in the throats of their audiences in the same way. It is of little surprise that Barnes seems to have such a knack for marrying music and images when he reveals his creative ancestry.

'I love Neil Young's score for Dead Man,' he professes, before adding 'Nino Rota, Angelo Badalementi, Morricone' to his list of soundtrack heroes. 'You know, the Italians.'

But for all of his glances backward, Barnes is a man with his head looking firmly forwards when it comes to his band and his recently established label, L.M. Dupli-cation.

'I would like to do something new, working with a director who is familiar with our music and I would really like to work with dancers, traditional Roma dancers,' muses Barnes before relinquishing his concrete plans for the year ahead.

'We are releasing a record in April by the great Appalachian folk musician John Jacob Niles and then releasing the soundtrack to Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors later this year.'

What is most refreshing about Barnes and his various projects is the sense of authenticity that he brings to the table. In the face of ye olde worlde aesthetic adopted by certain faux-folk troupes receiving chart success of late, Barnes is the real deal. His love for the cultures of the countries he mines comes across in his work and even, it would seem, in his lifestyle.

'We'll be growing corn and chillies this summer,' I learn of his labels less-musically orientated projects. As for A Hawk and A Hacksaw, 'we are moving towards using electricity in a more active way. Who knows how long that will last, though.'

I'm not even sure if he's talking about the music anymore.



Without art w
With art we



Hubs mural, Sheffield, 2009.

HEADSUP.

ITCHY PIG RECORDS.
INTERVIEW BY IMOGEN DECORDOVA.



The abundance of formats artists can use to promote their own work these days raises a stream of questions surrounding the relevance of labels and distribution companies. If the average bedroom producer can release an EP at the click of a button, is there really any need for the elusive man in between? From Itchy Pig's perspective, it couldn't be a better time.

'Everyone always goes on about how the music industry's changing, but it's always changing. You know, you can't really say it's not a good time. It was the right time and place for myself. I'd been thinking about it for a while and the opportunity came up. I had an idea of what I wanted to do and what I needed to do to get there. But the hardest thing was setting up and working out how any business works. The contacts were fine. It was just the initial process of finding out how a business was going to work with me at the helm.'

Run by one-man band Leeroy Powell, Itchy Pig Records has been alive and kicking since the early dawn of 2011 and is just one of various Sheffield-based labels doing it for themselves. In case you were wondering, the label's evocative name was borrowed from Powell's friend's grandad's photography business.

Powell's method is to disregard genre and keep a keen ear out for any leftfield leaning acts he wants to accost, providing a strong supportive network for artists on these shores and abroad. The label is utilising all the mediums it can to spread the word and bring a number of disparate acts together into the Itchy Pig fold.

'I guess a lot of it is electronica based. We've also got Burleskimo, who are the label's in-house band, Moodymanc, Saytek, James Johnston - we're pushing names that aren't always necessarily big but that we like, and that's exactly how it should be. It's also pretty international. We're about to launch our bookings agency and we're covering artists all over the shop - Germany, Italy, France and obviously the UK.

'Sheffield's a funny place. If you live here then you know everyone, you know the artists and you know how good they are. If you don't then you really miss that. Hopefully we can try and change that. There are also so many artists that you don't realise how well they're doing outside of the UK.'

The label celebrated its first birthday in February, playing to a rammed dancefloor at the DLS-based club night Collect. They have been in cahoots with the night for some time, regularly hosting a room dealing out deep house and soulful groove sets under Powell's pseudonym Sir Vinyl Instinct and guest slots.

From my experience, I can only hope that anyone pushing seamless mixes that span Fela Kuti, Caribou and Detroit techno continues to be a mainstay on the local scene. The pair-up with Collect is evidence of Powell's eagerness to collaborate with like-minded music aficionados: 'I like working with other folks. Just pester them till they get along with you, that's my view.'

The label has a host of releases it is about to unleash within the next nine months and plans have been made to move towards CD and vinyl in the near future. 'It should prove easy to adapt to,' hopes Powell, 'If not, I'm gonna make it easy.'

itchy-pig.com

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THE SAW DOCTORS

FILMREEL.

THREE FILMS - THREE DECADES (PART 1).
JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES.

There's an established way of looking at films – and art in general – as a reflection or product of their times. One could even argue that, whatever the context or angle of critical approach, this notion is always there. It is perhaps an attempt to pin the item in question onto a recognisable board of other previously identified varieties of the same species, or even to ground the viewer's perception within clearer cultural parameters. I propose taking this a step further, and present here my personal view of what I consider to be the three most important films of the last three decades.

The choices I made go beyond my personal taste. Only one of them is amongst my favourite films of all time. But, just like the other two, it's a film that not only reflects its decade, but expresses something which was then (and may very well have remained) unacknowledged.



1980s: NINE ½ WEEKS.

This Adrian Lyne film was released in the second half of the decade which is considered by many a grey area of the 20th Century. The 80s were, with the benefit of hindsight, a time when a lot of what it was to become very wrong with Western society was cemented.

So why not pick Oliver Stone's **Wall Street** (1987)? After all, its subject matter of ambition and greed within those who 'play the market' was more than accurate then and disturbingly resonant now. Or perhaps that futuristic parable that is Ridley Scott's **Blade Runner** (1982) – a film that, amongst other things, expresses corporate power as a paternal entity that betrays and sacrifices its own children. There were also, within other popular releases of the time, superior films and strong contenders to the point I'm making: David Lynch's **Blue Velvet** (1986), Steven Soderbergh's **Sex, Lies and Videotape** (1989) or James Cameron's **The Terminator** (1984). But what **Nine ½ Weeks** expresses is something much more subtle and incisive, despite its overtly erotic context and marketing.

For those who associate its title with sleaze from a director with a tendency for moisture-seeking material, here's a bit of background: the film encompasses the intense periods of initial seduction, moral submission and emotional deterioration between John (Mickey Rourke) and Elizabeth (Kim Basinger). It is not by chance that he is a hard, wealthy player in the patriarchal-led financial field. She is portrayed as a recently divorced, sensitive woman with unfulfilled artistic aspirations. Their incompatible worlds clash as they throw themselves into a succession of mind and sex games that have everything to do with asserting (or giving up) control. This is all set against an impersonal backdrop of steely greys and diagonal shafts of light – quintessential 1980s aesthetics that Lyne was very much instrumental in defining and from which we never manage to escape.

A crucial scene is Elizabeth's visit to the bucolic retreat of the aging artist Farnsworth, the work of whom her gallery is set to exhibit. Her connection with this mentally-drained artist is depicted in a brief yet poignant way. He is portrayed as a man ill at ease with those superficial times, and the look they exchange towards the end at the crowded private viewing of his work is more touching and powerful than anything else in the film. There is a man from another era, showing a silent understanding of what she's going through. And she's a victim of her own thirst for romantic entanglement, the wrong outcome of the emancipation that defined the two preceding decades.

In one of the last scenes in the film, when Elizabeth and John's relationship is reaching the point of rupture, he follows her into an underground venue, where strangers voyeuristically encircle a couple having sex. In one final moment of defiance, Elizabeth begins to give herself to a man standing next to her. What her tragic tears perhaps reflect is the knowledge that she will progress into the rest of her life damaged, with lower moral standards in future relationships and a pursuit of instant gratification – the primary legacy of the 80s.

1990s: CRASH.

In a decade of increasing individualism and a growing intimacy between human beings and the modern technologies at their service, no other film can be more relevant or important than David Cronenberg's astonishing **Crash** (1996).

This highly controversial film evolved from English author J G Ballard's prophetic book, originally published in 1973. Intellectual views aside, the concept at its core is deceptively simple. It presents the car as the ultimate symbol of modernity: a place that allows you to be out in the world, but where you can be completely closed onto yourself. Add emotional alienation, desensitisation towards the pain of others and our continuous inability to connect with each other and you have the full metaphor that directly connects sexual urges with the car crash. The fetishism that goes with it is entirely essential for the narrative and could be equated with our avid appetite for technological gadgets.

Then, we have the novices - husband and wife James and Catherine Ballard - as the two who can 'feel it, but not yet express it' (and who also act as surrogates for every member of the audience who's not a hypocrite) and the active participants, who are headlined by the Messianic figure of Vaughn.

Contrasting the morose tone of the promiscuous couple's interactions, we have Vaughn's elaborations on his adopted cyber-philosophy – which is summed up in the lines: 'You're beginning to see that for the first time, there's a benevolent psychopathology that beckons towards us. For example, the car crash is a fertilising rather than a destructive event.'

Less pornographic than the book, the film distils its essence to perfection. The reshaping of human anatomy through its association with the functional angles of the car – in their promise of aesthetical death and destruction – is superbly captured in cinematic terms with the necessary lucidity of a great filmmaker. The same way that Ballard's earlier work fit the parameters of science-fiction, Cronenberg's had evolved from conceptual horror. This method of expanding beyond genre was itself a key aspect of the most challenging cinema being made towards the end of the 90s, like David Lynch's **Lost Highway** (1997), Leos Carax's **Pola X** (1999), Bruno Dumont's **L'Humanité** (1999) and Stanley Kubrick's **Eyes Wide Shut** (1999). Things couldn't be more different the following decade, when the constant rehashing of the past took revisionist contours.

If the two previous decades expressed a spiritual void, the first ten years of the 21st Century have been defined by the affirmation of religious beliefs. This theme concludes next month, with my third choice of film and a companion piece by a guest writer.



NOW THEN 4.1%.

ABBEYDALE BREWERY.
ABBEYDALEBREWERY.CO.UK

As you might have already noticed, we at Now Then like an ale or two, as evidenced by our regular coverage of local drinking establishments and our links to brewers in the area. The real ale community is a welcoming one, with everyone working together for mutual benefit, so it is a pleasure to be a part of that in any way at all.

We are incredibly proud to announce that we have made our first in-road into the brewing world in the form of a collaboration with the world-renowned Abbeydale Brewery, home to such liquid treats as Moonshine and Absolution. Abbeydale have been long-time supporters of Now Then, as well as having the expertise and the facilities to match, so teaming up with them was a no brainer.

Now Then 4.1% is a pale ale made with 100% Maris Otter low colour malt and a selection of Australian and New Zealand hops, including Galaxy, Pacific Gem and Super Alpha. It has citrus and passionfruit aromas and a crisp, refreshing finish. Suppable indeed, which is always a very important factor when you're sending a beer across the country with your name on it.

Now Then ale is on sale now at all the best pubs and bars in Sheffield, as well as further afield, where it is being sent with copies of the magazine as Abbeydale's April 2012 guest ale.

If you want to stock Now Then ale at your establishment, get in touch with james@opusindependents.com. Otherwise, get supping and spread the word.

SHAMBALA.

23RD-27TH AUGUST.
SHAMBALAFESTIVAL.ORG

It is going to be a genuine struggle, but I will do my best to hold back the hyperbole when describing what is without question my favourite UK festival. We love Shambala here at Now Then. We go every year without fail, and we are proud as punch to be associated with the festival this year.

As I sit to write this, the sunny haze of a beautiful spring afternoon pouring through the window, it's hard not to get distracted by memories of Shambalas past. The myriad of daytime workshops, stalls and events. The sound of trumpets floating through the air. The mania of the dance tent and the elated faces of the revellers all around you. The overwhelming sense that you're amongst friends, people with whom you feel immediately connected. The latter of these points is perhaps most unique to this particular festival, and it is a testament to the principles on which it was founded over a decade ago.

We'd like to think that if Now Then was a festival, we would be a combination of Sheffield's own Peace in the Park and Shambala. With their values of independence, sustainability, creativity and community, Shambala stands out from the more common "let's just get smashed for three days" ethos of so many contemporaries.

Shambala is a place where you become inspired by what you experience, with something catching your attention and firing up your imagination at every turn. Last year I learned to whittle and carve wood, to make my own costume for the now legendary Saturday Carnival, and how amazing a midnight sauna can be.

Sadly, word count prohibits me from writing what could turn into a thesis on this incredible event, so I direct you to their website, where you can learn more about this summer's hottest ticket, including performances from the likes of Sheffield heroes Roots Manuva and Toddla T, workshops and more attractions than you can imagine.

"Life is not about waiting for the storm to pass. It's about learning to dance in the rain."

OPUS ACOUSTICS CD.

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The Opus Acoustics series of events at the Riverside have gone from strength to strength in recent memory, so to celebrate we have put together a compilation featuring a load of past performers - Thomas Leeb, Rozi Plain, Phantom Dog Beneath the Moon, Rachael Dadd, Dean McPhee, Woolly Mammoth, the Payroll Union, Rik Warren, Fallen Leaf, Sieben, Louis Romégoux and Belleville.

The CD has 13 music tracks including a bonus live track from Liz Green, plus 3 poetry readings from Gav Roberts, Joe Kriss and James Lock, and will be on sale at Opus Acoustics nights and on our website for £4.50. The digital version is priced at £3.50. We're really pleased with the way this turned out, so get yourself a copy and see what you think.

KUJI.

KUJISHOP.CO.UK

Greg and Becky at Kuji have been slogging away for some time to get their online shop to a standard they are happy with. Quite an ordeal for the perfectionists that they are, but their efforts have been well rewarded. Offering all of the carefully selected and often exclusive wares to be found at their home on Eccy Rd, this is a dream of a site; visually beautiful with artwork backdrops and negative space adding to the appeal of such an easily navigated and comprehensive guide to all things Kuji.

As well as stocking the work of independent artists - everything from jewellery to framed, limited edition prints - Kuji is also the largest stockists of Lomo cameras and accessories in the whole of South Yorkshire. Take the shop tour on the homepage and you'll see what we're so enthused about.

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A year ago when we switched printers, we were scared. Now Then is a lovingly crafted labour of love and putting it in the hands of new people was a terrifying prospect. But after that first edition came back from Evolution Print all our fears were swept away. It's impossible to express how grateful we are without descending into what would appear to be a hyperbolic love-in. We do love them though. Truly, madly, deeply.

A year later, we feel the need to take a little time out and say a big thank you for all their hard work, patience and talent. We simply cannot recommend them enough. Have anything (and we mean anything) you want printed? Speak to Evolution.

THERE'S GOLD IN THEM HILLS.

AN EXHIBITION BY FRANCESCA HAGUE.
FORUMSHEFFIELD.CO.UK

Born and raised in the wilds of North Wales, Franky Hague has for the last ten years been based in Sheffield, moving here to study art at the much hallowed and now demolished Psalter Lane campus. After a largely theory-based education, she has been steadily working back to her root passions of drawing and painting.

In her own words:"For this first showcase exhibition, close friends have inspired and sat for this collection of large scale portraits, allowing me to use what I best understand to celebrate a selection of the great and good of this town." Any fans of Andrew Hunt, our featured artist from the March issue, should prioritise a trip down the Forum this month. The exhibition opens on 2nd and runs throughout April.

SUBTITLE 3RD BIRTHDAY.

2ND-3RD JUNE.
CORPORATION.

To celebrate three years of existence, local dubstep collective Subtitle will host a June bank holiday party at Corporation that is not to be missed by anyone with a love of low-end underground dance music. In keeping with the promoter's mission of bringing the best upcoming dubstep talents to Sheffield, the Subtitle 3rd Birthday Bash will boast sets by High Rankin, Bar9, Document One, Seven, Torqux and Twist, Tomba and Captain Crunch, as well as loads of local talent behind the decks.

Keep in touch with Subtitle on Facebook for full details closer to the time, but this one promises to be an utter stonker.

HARLAND CAFE.

72 JOHN STREET.
HARLANDCAFE.CO.UK

Now feels like the right time to stop grieving the loss of the unique and wonderful Cafe Euro, and instead embrace it in its new incarnation as the Harland Cafe.

It's safe to say the cafe couldn't have fallen into better hands. Continuing the traditions of local community, ethical trading and great quality, owners Steve and Sarah have also brought a new lease of life to the place. With a whole new seating set-up, a beautiful redesign of the interior and an extended menu, the Harland Cafe retains all of the charm of its predecessor whilst bringing in a fresh and contemporary new atmosphere, making for a great space to enjoy a quiet coffee or book a raucous party. Check out their snazzy new website for more info on special offers and upcoming events.



Without art we are animals
With art we are Human

The Black Dog 'Liber Dogma' cover image, 2011.

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